

# *Book Five*

THE TALES OF MANIPULATION  
SLATE ONE  
BY SHAUNA SOLAMAN

## A Word From Your Author

### CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

They say that a good author knows when to end a book. Alas, I am no writer nor would I deem myself an author. Merely a conveyor of a message. Though I doubt those who haven't access to the last oh, millions years would know the difference. Yes, the main character, Phoenix is dead. Yes, we left Dragon of writhing in agony over his loss. But, if you were truly capable, and even if you weren't, here's your chance, the one thing you should walk away with is that life is reoccurring. It is not black and white like prefer to lie to ourselves about. No, rather it is gray, all gray areas. Sure, Phoenix is dead, but you also know that her soul is somewhere, in a new body. And when Dragon dies, so will his. Reincarnation. Now, for those of you, trapped in those silly beliefs, sure, reincarnation sounds silly. The idea of continually living your life that all that really matters is your soul? How is that any different from living an eternity in paradise or hell? You still manage to extend your life. Silly ones. Pay attention. Now, I could restart the telling of Phoenix and Dragon or rather, Lilith and Jibril's many lives together. For all that matters, I can tell you about their newest life cycle. Now that the hard parts are out of the way, do you remember some things that weren't so clear? I do. Purposely left so. Now is their chance.

## The Burning of the House

### CHAPTER THIRTY

Christopher lay in his bed with her curled by his side. He looked down at her, softly lying in his arms. He smiled to himself, then looked over to the clock. He didn't have to leave for work so early, he had a meeting at three, and since the project was so important, the team and he need not attend till the scheduled meeting. She took the day off, actually she had taken it off to be with Nahit, but had forgotten to mention it to him. Off he went to a day of school. The room was dark, as it should be for five in the morning. He looked down at her, but didn't know how to turn off the alarm clock without moving her. How she hated the sound of the alarm clock. Many times had she ripped it off of the little table near their bed and nearly threw it against the wall. Also, prior she used to sleep on the side with the clock, however over time she developed a bad habit of turning it off right before it was to ring and falling back asleep. He grew accustomed to her tantrums when it concerned sleep. As he should, he had been with her for three years prior to their marriage. He smiled; slowly he tried to move to take off the alarm clock before it could go off. Suddenly, his sleeping wife rose up and switched off the alarm clock. He looked at her and laughed. She still had her eyes closed. She pried her eyes open. Chris looked at her face, a darkened face that still struggled for more sleep. Smiling he took her into his arms. "I don't want to get up," she whispered. "Well, you don't. You have the day off remember. And I hear Nahit getting ready for school," he whispered back. She snuggled up closer to him. He adored how she felt in his arms. There was a sense of destiny, soul mates between them. "Maybe we could paint?" she asked. "Yes, before I leave. Come let's get ready," was his response. The two made their way off the mahogany bed frame. A friend of his, a carver of the sort, made the bed frame for them. On the headboard were the images of a phoenix and a dragon. The room was a dark one, with red and blue velvet strung about. Their furniture in the room was made of mahogany or ebony. It was a rather dark room that seemed to fit them both. They went into the bathroom and got themselves cleaned up. After finishing up a bit, they fell back into the bed embracing one another. Eventually they would make their way up to the paint room.

Their small apartment was a basic flat, with one area a bit raised and sealed off. That was their paint room. She had pinned up her long hair because of the shower, but didn't let it back down. She pulled over a blue turtleneck and a pair of blue jeans. He loved looking at her. She was dressed in his favorite color – blue. She even had a streak of blue in her black hair. She walked up to the paint room and began to work on a piece involving some of her photography. He followed, pulling on a white tee shirt and a pair of old khakis.

Yet it was all a dream.

The girl he dreamt of was his Misery, or the girl he later found out to be Shauna, the Phoenix. That wasn't the case though. Yes, he was married, but not to her. She was dead. He was married to Meredith, for just about a year. He lay in his bed alone staring at the ceiling. Two months had lapsed since Chris got his hands on the book, "Raven's Tear." He still had not recovered from that shock completely, though tried desperately to rationalize it. It was the early evening and Meredith was downstairs cooking up dinner. Still he laid alone, wrapped up in the blue sheets he had staring at the ceiling. Everything was in the blue or gray hues. He didn't care; after all he saw just fine. He had come home from work and came up to the bed and just laid there. Meredith had often wondered about his health, but didn't know what to do.

"So, our tasks are done," Tempest said to Aricin. Aricin looked at her with joy. He trusted her as well as the others. He knew that in all great plans, there is a chance of failure. It's all about how you react to this failure. They had not anticipated the meddlesome Varick, but they got along just fine with the book. Tempest, Troubles, Disillusion, and the other worked over the book, and managed to get it published. He could feel Jibril's loneliness and anguish over what occurred. Though Jibril/Dragon wasn't completely sure, the memories were in there. "They aren't done. At least we've a start on the next life cycle," Aricin responded. "Are we going to have to go through this again?" "Does it really matter?"

Asura had no trouble locating the newly reborn Lilith/Phoenix. Her fiery soul is easily seen through an angel's eyes. Being that in this life cycle he was still a child, it was easy to be with her, especially since in this human form, she was only two. A young age, yes, but she knows who she is. She also knows who he is, and where the other children are.

Chris still stared at the ceiling motionless. An air of coolness surrounded him; he was perfectly calm. Too calm, as you might have guessed. He watched the shadows dance across the ceiling, still he chose not to move. He turned his head a bit. Meredith failed, he thought to himself. He could hear her coughing and frantically trying to control the flames. He almost felt sorry for her, for she could not have known that this very misfortune would befall her by marrying him. Nor could he at the time, or he would have refrained. That's life. Luckily, their souls will just be reborn. He would ask Daniel to give her a good life the next time round. He could hear her trying to scream, but no, the flames would overtake her. Still, he rested calmly. He wouldn't move. He thought of Phoenix, her shadow dancing on the walls. He could see her young new incarnation playing with some toys. She was playing with water; he smiled at this sight. They had temporarily switched powers.

Yes, they can switch powers. That is why, when I tried to describe their powers, as in relation to the other children, I said that they were merely the yin and yang. They are not definite, though they are

predominately one thing they can always switch. That is why it is unfair to say that Jibril (that young man Chris) is a controller of death, water, and so on. Yes, it is what he is better at controlling, but certainly not his limitations. Of course, by switching powers, they are often left vulnerable. That is because they really aren't dominant in one another's powers. Kind of like kids with new toys.

This is why Meredith's death comes about. No, Lilith/Phoenix did not purposely kill Meredith nor had intentions of killing Jibril/Dragon. Rather, after pondering over it, he felt that this was necessary. There is your explanation for why he rested so calmly in his bed. Lilith had begun a new life cycle. It was necessary for him to start anew in order to be with her. The flames slowly made their way up to him, licking him on all sides. Still, he rested calmly. The flames of Dragon took down the house, Meredith, and himself. Just as the flames were about to extinguish him, the switching of powers occurred. Had it not, he probably would have taken out a lot more with him.

Young Asura looked at the young Lilith. "He's on his way," she smiled. Asura hugged her, for he could do nothing more.

## The Books of Raganavok CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

To Whom It May Concern:

Who are you to know what love is? We are given this condition where we think we must know everything. That is our gift and curse. Who are we to know what anything is? I have watched life pass through these walls, that to be gained and to be lost.

Many a year ago, I lost a good friend, her name was Shauna. She was more like a younger sister to me really. Though I know not much of her condition, I am best friend to her god-brother, Shaun. The human condition is what weighed her down. I should suppose that that was the death of her. Then, not long after that, as it would seem, but in retrospect, I guess it was long after, death took the life of another, a far off friend. Death befriends no one and takes what it wants. I write this as a consolation to myself. I have no way of easing Shaun's pain, but I have no intent to. We are friends, brothers really, and it is not my place. He knows how to deal with pain, so I leave him to it. I can never come to understand the circumstances he has. Often he takes his daughter, Uliaha, and holds her tight and I know he thinks of his passed god-sister. I wonder whom he weeps for more, himself or her. Such is the tragedy of the death, who are you crying for when you cry? Mostly yourself; for your own loss.

We are both doctors, trained beside our other great friends, Jouni and Handel. We went through most things together, us four. Though there was the appearance of Farrouz and Arjun. We're all great in our own ways, and I can safely say that because we're all trained in different specifics. Though, if you are reading this dear child, then that means you know that there is more to this than a bunch of doctors. Shaun Tannen and Eric Raganavok. Then you must know that there is simply more to Shaun Tannen, Farrouz, and Arjun. But I am of no purpose. I don't even know why you asked me to write. You wanted to know about Shauna, and she was not in my care. As a matter of fact, any

dealings with her are far passed my field, and they are all personal, thanks to Shaun Tannen.

I don't know who you are. I just know that this is bigger than I. I am merely another person who knows the truth. I know that souls are passed on, recycled if you will. When a soul is trully dead, then that means its time is really over. That Death himself decided that it shall serve a purpose no more. Because the world still exists, and the world still carries on as if nothing as happened, I am reassured that Lilith's soul and Jibril's soul are still alive and well. Possibly even so in a new body. Yes, we grieve the loss of Chris and Shauna, but we grieve them, as we knew them in that body, which is no longer in use. Their souls still exist and are still making its way around the world. As I know that Shaun grieves the body, but rests well knowing that she is trully fine.

If you wish to know more about Farrouz and Arjun, then I suspect that you don't know your place in the world yet. You are a keeper, and this is your task.

Who am I? Just a friend. Who knows the truth. I know that this doesn't exist.

But yet, it is my condition to keep thinking that this does exists and that my place is meaningful. It is your job to keep record. Therefore, I shall send you the documents you requested. Every documentation I have those of which you have inquired shall be sent to you.

I know you aren't from the line of Mahesa. I know you are a direct descendant of Ra. I just am not sure which generation you are.

Yours truly,  
Eric Craven Raganavok

I looked over the letter several times. Perhaps he did know who I was. Or maybe he was mistaken. How could he possibly know who was involved with this book? We have purposely made it impossible to figure out whom we are. Yet, in a sense he was right and wrong.

She looked over the letter many times. After a while, fully content with the rationalization that Eric Craven couldn't know who she was, how she was involved, or who else was, she opened up the parcel. There was an old composition notebook, the kind one is accustomed to in grade school. A bit puzzled at the appearance of the sole book, she saw the front. Across the front was a piece of paper glued to the book that read, "The Conversationalist Mind." She flipped through the pages, which seemed a bit worn. Bits of paper fell out. The pages all had writings on them. They documented the actions of Shaun, Farrouz, and Arjun that he saw. There were makeshift drawings, small thoughts, and loose sheets. She smiled to herself, this would be worth it.

She walked over to her table, pulled out the chair and began to pour over the information that Eric had sent. A moment later the bell rang again, so she put the book down carefully then headed to the door. Another parcel. She opened it and found a second book. It was the same sort as the first, except there was no title. A small note attached read, "This is incomplete, I should like it to be returned when you

have finished your task.” She flipped through the pages of the second book and found a small picture of Shaun, his wife Teri, and Uliaha. She returned to the table and tried to remember why she was doing this.

Tannen the Talented  
(from The Books of Raganavok)  
CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Talen glanced up at the ceiling. A small cry called his attention away. He looked down and there was his daughter, Uliaha in the crib. He smiled at her. He was so happy to have her here. He spent just a short while away from her as she was raised away from this chaos. He kissed her forehead and stared into her eyes. She had eyes like the Sphinx. Silen walked in and smiled in agreement. She knew what he thought. “Did you get word back on Lilith?” she asked quietly. “She’s fine, Asura stays with her, and Arjun often checks in.” “And what of Jibril?” “The same.” “You’re happy to have her back,” Silen said looking over his shoulder. “That I am,” he responded lightly.

Talen reflected on his life as he looked over his daughter and held his wife’s hand. He paused a moment and pulled out a pocket watch from the inside of his jacket. Pocket watches were a popular sort amongst him and the other three. In a sort of human tradition, every time there was an occasion to be marked, they gave one another a pocket watch as a marker. This particular one was aged – an old gold and rusted pocket watch that was simplistic. A gift from Azrael to mark his freedom from Ailuros, something that took a while to secure. Adam was the most beloved by Ailuros, it pained her most to come against him. Upon their creation, she gave him the extra protection of a force field. His life as an angel was a simple one, as often other angels, either the other three or the ones that came after sought to protect him. His life as a human was a bit more complex, but not that much.

She sat down at the table with the two books in front of her. Her deep black hair falling to her face. She grabbed a pen resting nearby, twisted her hair up, and slid the pen through. With a deep breath, she remembered the reason why she was doing this. She wasn’t sure what that reason was, but what harm could it do? This was information that they should know. She sighed again then began to read from the second book. Gliding her hands across the paper, she began.

Shaun Tannen never knew who his parents were. He was given to an orphanage soon after his birth, and raised there till he was seven. He caught a teacher’s eye, and was adopted. A man named Trevor and his wife, Coline, adopted him. He came into their home, and learned of their family and their ways. A few years later after Coline died but he still remained with Trevor. Trevor, rather than give Shaun his family name, wanted Shaun to retain that part of his history, and instead took Shaun’s last name into his own. Shaun went on to become a doctor, studying beside two others, Farrouz and Arjun. At his university, he met his soon-to-be wife, Teri Mukherjee, who was a ballet dancer at the time. Shortly after, they moved to Australia, where he set up his own practice, along side myself. He later went on to have a daughter, Uliaha. But why all the fuss over such an ordinary man?

As it would turn out, Trevor’s full name was Trevor Dhanraj Ganesh (which later became Trevor Dhanraj Tannen-Ganesh), brother to Akaymi Ganesh and Seen Ganesh, son to Shahla. Shahla ties in very close to the line of Mahesa. It’s no wonder why. Her family alone tied three angels into the family lines. With giving birth to one reincarnated, one that was adopted, and the other, which is the sort of

godchild, as you would call it. But this is only one reincarnation, but it tends to happen often. Often one doesn't have to look far for the reincarnations of the angels.

But there was a question raised. Reincarnation comes up often but can an angel die?

It is to my belief that they can. And often some do. With the last incident (or world's destruction, simply put) many angels were lost. They simply died. Can one of the four angels die? I wonder. Obviously, none of the four – Adam, Azrael, Jibril (Djibril), and Lilith – have ever died. Children, the important thing.

Shaun was the god-brother to Shauna in this previous life cycle, the one that involves this intricate bloodline that involves Shahla. Though I'll try to keep her out, out of respect to my friend, Shaun. He knows that I keep track of these things. After all, it's a lot of information to process. Minor details are always getting lost. Upon the creation of Uliaha, Teri became an angel herself.

Enough of this. This doesn't explain who my good friend is. This breaks down what he is, the very being at the core of his soul, but not what he's like. He's a mysterious fellow. He loves the people that he is with. He loves to be the beacon of life. I wonder what is his purpose, aside from Time. He is a good man that I know. I have served as his best friend since he came to the university. However, he always keeps to himself. He loves to dance, that I know, he loves music. One of the many reasons why he and his wife get along so well. Honestly, I thought he was a shy man that didn't do much except keep himself in isolation, when we first met. Though, after many social visits and gatherings, I learned otherwise. He is a bright man who loves many things that life has to offer. Perhaps that's why he prefers the life as a human than one to an – well, what he is.

Once I asked him how come people call him Talen. It was a pet name that his father gave him. When he was off studying, his dad (who was a teacher, but also loved photography) used to snap shots of him here and there. He used to call him "Tannen the talented," because that's just what he was. Talented. He should be though, if you think about it. A person that you know, who orchestrated the very life that you know, aids in your future, the keeper of time. He should be talented and well endowed in a human reincarnation. Yet, that information never seems to sink in. The Keeper of Time is my best friend. Anyhow, like any name or nickname, it got shortened to Talen. He just made more use of it, especially when he was around Shauna, in order to avoid confusion. Shauna calls him Ten, a shortened version of Talen, which also hints that he is ten years older than she is, or was. I mean in human form. Well, this or that human cycle. You get the point. Every once in a while, they need be serious, they'll call him Chronos. They (as in all of them) try to not refer to one another with their real names. It is written on their soul, it is who they are, and that is inescapable, but it is merely a label, and with the amount of life cycles they've all been through, they have a lot.

I asked Talen to write a bit about himself, and I asked about the others. This is the letter he sent.

She paused for a moment and looked over the next sheet. Stapled to it was another sheet, the letter from Talen.

Talen grinned as he walked away from the nursery. He knew that the lady was reading the letter that he had sent to his friend, Craven, a while ago. He knew that she had asked Craven for help on finding out more about him and others. But there was a reason absent. She was given a task, but no reason behind it. That meant that someone else was behind this inquiry. By not telling her what the reason was, Talen,

nor could anyone else figure out why she was doing this. The people behind it had hid themselves. Which meant that whoever was behind this was higher up in the hierarchy, closer to Talen's own level. The younger generations couldn't cloak themselves the way they could. Everyone has his or her reasons. In any case, if they (whoever they are) tried to figure out about Uliaha or Ahnaleaha, they would find nothing. Sephiroth and Asura could take care of themselves, so they were in no harm. He wondered what other snags would come their way. They took care of their own. The lady, otherwise known as Alisanne was a representative of the line of Mahesa. Others took to calling her the Geisha.

Written Words from Adam  
CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

I am the youngest of the four children; we call ourselves the four knights. It's easier that way, what with all the others about. We are four of the direct descendants of Ailuros and Pharaoh. The other two who have a direct connection are Persia, who goes straight to Ailuros and Ra, who is to Pharaoh. I am the youngest, not the last created, but the last created by both Ailuros and Ra. After me, there were no other creations. After Pharaoh decided to align himself with us, and go against Ailuros, we were the four that he chose to give his soul to. We are also the four that harnesses Ailuros within ourselves. We are not excused from death, it is possible, but to kill one of us would bring the end to something. We don't know what we are connected to, so our death is not something that we play around with. Jibril, the third child, killed the body that served Ailuros well for eons, and took her soul into his own. Everything I said, explains the end, but not what has lead up to it.

It would be impossible to detail every account of every life I have lead, and I have lead many. While Ailuros and Pharaoh oversaw the operation of the many worlds and dimensions, we weren't needed. We had our jobs, but they weren't anything that couldn't be taken care of. After my birth, I became the keeper of Time. This did not interfere with leading a "normal" life. All it meant was that it would be necessary that my soul lived. My presence wasn't necessary. So for safety reasons, I was asked to live a life of a human, go through many reincarnations, especially alongside either Lilith or Jibril. (Their story will come later).

I have come to like the Victorian age the most, often found, regardless of where I am, what I am doing, or how I've been reincarnated, dressed once in a while like that. My lives aren't complicated actually they are simple. I prefer them to be so. I am often reincarnated in a situation where I can find Lilith. Even though she is the elder to us all, I often find comfort in being around her. She is comfort like an older sister. She however, indulges in that of longer ago, Egyptian ways.

Anyway, Mr. Craven, I write this because you have asked me to. I feel odd doing this, we have always had someone else document our movements, or just major events. I guess it were about time that we documented something.

About two years ago, my wife Teri gave birth to our first and only child, Uliaha Yashmira Tannen. My wife and I married five years prior to that, and have been companions five

years prior to our marriage. In the beginning of our courting, she found out who I was. And it didn't scare her. She looked into my eyes and saw into my soul. You can't see someone's soul through their eyes, but our souls just got along together. She isn't my soul mate, or my twin flame, but she knows it. Our relationship couldn't have lasted as long as it did had it been so. It's against the rules.

And yes, we have rules and they correspond with free will. Free will exists, just not in the way that one can imagine it. I shall put this in way that you, dear Craven, can understand. You have free will; you have choice. Unfortunately, I, as well as the other three, know what choices you have present. You don't know your choices, but we do. Therefore in a way, we know what your future can lead to. We know all the possibilities that are present for you. But understand we can only do this for you and other like you. Free will is much different for Lilith, Jibril, Azrael, myself and once upon a time, Pharaoh, Ailuros, Persia and Ra. For us eight, we have complete free will; choice. We do not know all the choices that we have; therefore we cannot know what is in store for us. This is why Pharaoh's prophecies were not heeded. Since they involved us, he couldn't have possibly been able to tell what would have happened. Now, because we cannot know one another's choices and futures, this is why we are all linked. We have the power to look through one another's eyes, and use one another's mind. We can speak without moving our lips, we communicate. At least that's how it was meant to be. This is why we established rules amongst ourselves. Without rules, then much would be at stake. It is an unwritten code that we abide by. But because we established it, and it only applies to us, we can break them and remake them. Which we often do. Such as, when Jibril and Lilith became one functioning unit, it was against our rules for them to do that, but they did. Or when they created Sephiroth or Asura. Or when I got Uliaha and Azrael got Ahnaleaha. In the unions of Jibril and Lilith, angels came out as a result. However, in Azrael and my own case, a new species arose, sahjinahs. Both Uliaha and Ahnaleaha are young, so we don't know their capabilities, but they aren't like biotis or humans.

You must forgive me if I seem a bit scattered.

If Jibril is the half to which that completes Lilith, then the same is for Azrael and myself. Though if one were to comb over the details, they would see this, this often goes unnoticed. Jibril and Lilith is one half, that can either represent Ailuros or Pharaoh, and Azrael combined with me, the other. We don't know which we represent. Nor do we try. It was in the latest event that we think that neither is fully one or the other. They split themselves in half. I know this is hard to follow, but Pharaoh was a simple sort. He created and loved, and felt one with his creations. Ailuros wasn't bad, as often some think she was. No, she was loving and caring. Perhaps I am the only one to know this. She loved me most. But it's not like she showered all her affections onto me. Lilith was another to experience this. Ailuros however knew who she was. She knew that she could create and destroy. That was the very essence of her being. She didn't like that Pharaoh didn't see it that way. What she wanted was simple, destroy everything, and start over. Pharaoh couldn't understand why this was. I've gotten ahead of myself. Pharaoh often demonstrated humanistic qualities. Which is something that Lilith and myself often do (our coffee addiction is a mark of that).

I think you know how the rest of this goes. However, you don't know much about Ra, Persia, or the line of Mahesa. That which I'll save for another day. However, Persia, is something different. She is the fifth of us. We do not know much about her. Merely that she went against us, and was killed for it. Completely, meaning she has no soul floating around somewhere. She is gone, and can never be brought back. We do not know what effect this will have on this new world and the new dimensions, for only time can tell us that much. For so long we have functioned without a fifth. Everything was always in balance. Even now, as the third age of life begins, everything is in balance. Us four harness the powers that are Ailuros and Pharaoh. We do not know how long Persia was alive, what role she plays to us, how her death will effect us, nothing. We don't even know her real name. That was the name she gave us right before her death. Azrael took it upon himself to kill her. With the combined efforts of us all, we made sure her soul would never resurface.

You will forgive me if I choose to not speak about my wife, my dear friend. Also, I shall not speak of my daughter. They are young in the face of time, and they deserve to learn more about themselves.

I know of your fascination with that of Farrouz and Arjun. Farrouz has been alive longer than I have, a creation of Lilith and Azrael. Arjun came after, and he is to Lilith and Jibril. You may wonder that if all that is comes from us, why would those that come from Lilith and Jibril be so special, or why Uliaha and Ahnaleaha are so special. They are markedly different. The Tempest. The Sphinx. I would speak more of them, but alas, I am not the one to do so.

We lie. We are amoral. We will go to any length to remain true to ourselves. We must hide ourselves in order to avoid infiltration. We are the keepers of a great secret. That you know. But everything else could very well be a lie. And why should we tell anyone the truth? For we are gods in our own way. I do not hold the mentality that we should play around so easily with such concepts, but merely that we must protect our own, for the good of everything that there is.

Time.

## And All The Pieces Fall CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Vincze sat alone at the café, exasperated. He waited for Daniel to arrive, but as usual Daniel was late. Daniel always did his job well, but for everything else, he was late. It was a trait that he loved in Daniel, yet at times couldn't stand. Vincze listened carefully and turned his head to the left. He could hear Daniel, a few blocks away. He smiled to himself and waited. Many minutes later, Daniel came running up to him out of breath. "I am so sorry I am late," he uttered. Vincze motioned for him to sit down and smiled. Daniel, grabbing a chair, looked around and said, "This is a nice place. How did you find it?" Vince looked at him, and Daniel laughed and murmured, "Never mind." "How's your daughter?" Vincze asked. "She's fine, growing into her own. Within time, we'll be teaching her about

her place in the world,” Daniel responded. “I’m sure she’ll be fine. She has your blood,” Vincze said carefully. Daniel looked at him and laughed. “Death dealers are moving fast huh?” Vincze said. “Yes, they are. No thanks to the shifts in the Earth, thank you.” “That is not my responsibility, if you should like to complain, they forward those complaints to Adam. I have no dealings with the earth,” Vincze replied. “Fine, you just deal with vast nothingness,” Daniel said lightly. “I’ll have you know that air is full of particles that can do something. And don’t test me, or you’ll be breathing in carbon monoxide next.” “Fine, you win. How’s the daughter doing?” Vincze paused and shifted a bit in his seat. “Coming into her own,” he said. “You sound kind of scared,” Daniel winked. “As I should be. She’s here and there. Learning more about these planes and dimensions. Sort of scary really.” “Because she’s your daughter?” “No, because she’s capable of doing it so early on. Heck, at her age, I was still working on basics. Create something here and there.” “Couldn’t we ever have a normal conversation? Why would someone be speaking of this at a coffeehouse?” Vincze smiled at his companion. Daniel was a biotis, a special one, from the line of Ra, the sixth. This meant that he was a soul distributor. He harnessed all souls, and sent them to new bodies. It’s a hard thing to do, what with at least a death every minute. On more than one occasion, since coming into this job as he messed up a bit. The most interesting flaw was someone that we came across already. Jamie.

“That was an interesting slip on your behalf Daniel,” Vincze stated. “I know,” Daniel replied as he turned away. “Now Daniel, you have served well, done what you need to do. That was a big mistake. Do you need help again?” “No, I don’t understand what happened there. Where is she now?”

It is a given that when one is given the truth, sometimes their soul cannot handle it. This isn’t a punishment, merely meaning that they were too young. Sometimes, some souls were never meant to know the truth. Teri was able to handle it as she actively sought it out, so was Charlotte, and many other beings across the species line. Sometimes, there are slips in the soul. A person is given too much and then tested. They fail and it breaks them. It doesn’t happen all the time, but then one must understand that this process has been in the works for many an eon. Since the planets came to be, and so on, you get the point. Any well-planned system can fail, especially if it’s been in service to long. Ailuros and Pharaoh couldn’t deal with the masses that died on a daily basis, so Pharaoh created a being that would oversee it all the time – Ra. Ra oversaw this process, he served as the soul collector and the distributor, but it came to be too much. So, he passed along some of the responsibilities on to his children. Though he still oversaw most of the process, his children as they came and went, handled it. The most recent in this lineage was Daniel. Within time, the idea that a collector should be separate from the distributor (after all, the souls must be examined before going on to another body, not all get to live again, some have to die, some need to be created), so the Black twins became the collectors. And yet there are still slips.

Jamie stared at the walls of her room. They were an ugly green colour that she despised. She couldn’t remember how long she was in this room; all she could remember was the face that she last saw. That face belonged to Aricin, for that she was sure. No one else believed her story. So now she was here, and she didn’t know how much time elapsed since she has been here.

“Alright, I gave her too much power and the fact is she couldn’t handle all of it. I mean she’s fine right,” Daniel asked hopefully. “Well, that depends on what you call fine,” Vincze replied. “Did Adam see her off well?” “He tried his best, but there is only so much we can do.” “You mean only so much you want to do.” Vincze smirked at this comment. “Yes, well, if we went around saving everyone, who would be left to torment.” Daniel raised his eyebrow at this, “You’re sadistic.” “Sadistic, or realistic?”

Fact is that if everyone knew what happiness was, and experienced it everyday and everyone was saved, then they wouldn't know what any of those concepts are. You need one for the other." "Fine, I hate this place, can't we go elsewhere? This isn't your style anyway," Daniel muttered. "True." The two of them got up and began to walk elsewhere. "What is my style anyway?" Vincze asked. "Pizza." They both headed towards the nearest pizza parlour.

As they were walking, Vincze said to Daniel, "I hear that there are some people prying into our lives." Daniel looked at him seriously. "Yes, I hear it's the Sphinx and the Geisha." Vincze put his head down, "Adam has confirmed the Geisha, but the Sphinx? Why her?" "Why not her? It doesn't matter to her one way or the other. All she cares for is the knowledge."

The Sphinx shifted uneasily in her chair. She was sitting at her desk in her room, waiting for the arrival of someone. Secrets often surrounded each individual. She knew many secrets, but uneasiness grew since she didn't know all the secrets that were around. For every aching second that your eyes grow accustomed to these words, you have been led to believe something. But you don't know who is the narrator, or at least, we have led you to believe that it is someone. We have led you to believe what we want you to believe. Is there even a "we"? However, just as the narrator plays games with you, those "angels" play with you and us. We are all just pieces to something that we couldn't possibly grasp, regardless of how high up we are. Even an angel's child has no idea what is going on. You may become frustrated and wonder why, and we do that too. This is our life, full of turmoil as we are left in the dark. We are lied to, because we cannot handle the truth. Then one day it is exposed for what it is. The inevitability of life keeps coming up, life, death, reincarnation, but there must be life if this is being written.

On last grounds, Lilith whispered to Asura, "Every thing I am, every thing that I want to be, every thing that constitutes the being that is me has led up to this. You know what to do."

Ahnaleaha arrived a bit late, but got there anyway. The Sphinx awaited her in her room. "Leah, how are you?" questioned the Sphinx. "I've had better days," Ahnaleaha replied. Ahnaleaha, who wore her hair long and wore a black cape walked over to Sphinx. Sphinx sat in her chair calmly and looked up at the figure that moved towards her. Sphinx had her hair short and pushed up her glasses a bit. "What kind of game are you playing?" Ahnaleaha asked. "None. What do you need to know? Is it about your father, your mother, perhaps a cousin or so?" grinned the Sphinx. "You know who I am, but I don't know who you are. You've been hiding your true identity for so long. Since you've been in existence. I want to know about you." The Sphinx seemed sort of startled by such a request. Most ask of her origins, but never truly care. It ruins the mystery for them. Ahnaleaha sat down on the floor and removed her cape. Sphinx got up from her chair and sat down across from Ahnaleaha. At eye level, they stared at one another. "Who are you?" said to her. The Sphinx mouthed the same words back.

An alliance is not what they needed. There was something that they didn't say. Tempest poured over the books she had back in Ferrol. There was something not quite right with this world, or any of the dimensions and she couldn't figure out why. Now Adam had warned her that perhaps the lacking of Persia may be to blame, but that wasn't it. Things were out of balance, more so than usual. Something was amiss and she couldn't figure why. There was something different from the worlds before and this new third one. She paused for a moment; she needed the help of someone. She decided to return for a moment to the other dimension.

Mariel emerged from her room and walked down the stairs. Everything seemed a bit different, but she couldn't figure out why. As she walked past her dining room into the kitchen, her younger sister, Selena, startled by her appearance, greeted her. "Selena, are you okay? You seem, younger?" Mariel asked. "Well, I am younger. Are you okay?" Selena responded. "I feel confused. I just got back from Ferrol." "Ah, where?" Mariel drew back a bit. "Ferrol, don't you remember? You know, Islandia." "I know Ferrol the medicine, but not Islandia. You've been sleeping too much." Mariel looked around the place, it seemed like time had been set back. Mariel turned around and went back up to her room. She grabbed a mirror and stared into it. She looked the same, but everything else was different. If this was the beginning or the traces of the third world, it should have picked up where it left off. So why was it a few years prior to the start. Why would Lilith and Jibril set back time. Or rather, if this was a new beginning, why would they start here. Why wouldn't they just begin again? She knew she had to find Adam or Azrael.

### An Old Beginning CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Vincze wandered around for a while. He watched the people moving here and there. He wondered if they enjoyed their existence. They should, after all they had no idea how much it takes to secure it. This time they made sure to not let their presence known. Back before the great war, the idea of angels was common and not an obscure idea. It was widely known who they were and what their purpose was. For the most part, this was respected. Humans kept to themselves, animals their own, angels their own, and so on. When the war began however, sides were sought.

It wasn't meant to be a great divide. It was simple. Ailuros and Pharaoh after many eons created beings in which they could assume themselves. That is why the four lived such fruitful ignorant life. They were vessels that would be used later on. Well rather, Adam, Jibril and himself were. Lilith was a mistake by all means. No purpose at all, a clear mistake, the first angel to be created. The other three, they had a purpose indeed. They would be the host to the souls of the great two. Lilith included. That is why slowly, Pharaoh and Ailuros began transferring their abilities over to them. But soon, she decided that she wanted to start anew. This meant the complete annihilation of everything. Pharaoh aligned himself with four, this you know.

So what it came down to was the four against Ailuros. Not that they wanted to do it, but more so that they wanted to prevent the complete annihilation, not just for humans, but also for all species, and themselves. It was a call to duty, and that they did. A new beginning wouldn't have been necessary had the other species stayed out of it. Of course, younger generations of angels felt that neither should have that glory of being the creator. So they wanted to fight against both the four (the Knights) and Ailuros. Knowing that they weren't enough, they recruited all species – animals, humans, grimoires, and even some biotis. Perhaps they thought they were fighting their livelihood, or the common good. In large part to their interference, Ailuros took no trouble in wiping out the third group. The four (who had many angels, biotis, and the first sahjina on their side) are responsible for the death of many also in the third group.

It makes you wonder who was right. The choice that won was the children. And yes, everything was wiped out. But at least a complete being survived. But wait...you see, two very incomplete beings survived. Together they served as one. This is bound to be confusing. Was the fifth necessary?

If it took thousands of years...then why are we here? Why is time at where it is now? Because.

Azrael smiled to himself, wandering around the street. Things aren't as confusing as they seem. He just makes it that way.

Ahnaleaha raised her right hand and Sphinx raised her left. Ahnaleaha watched the Sphinx mirror her every movements. Ahnaleaha blinked and the Sphinx was gone. She looked around the room and tried to figure out where she could have gone. The phone on the chest of drawers rang Ahnaleaha looked around and then reached out for it. She picked up and said nothing. "Leah?" came the voice from the other end, "Something is wrong. Where is the Sphinx, I need to know about Isui." Ahnaleaha dropped the phone. She realized that she asked about the wrong being. She didn't need to know about the Sphinx, she needed to know about Isui's place amongst Adam, Lilith, Jibril and Azrael. The purpose of now dead fifth.

"If I am red, and he is blue, then together we make purple. Now what happens when you mix green and orange?"

"You get an interesting shade of brown?"

"Well, okay, but you get a colour that doesn't match the chakras. Red, blue and purple are on it. So are orange and green."

"I don't get where you're going with this."

"There are seven chakras, with the four alone, you've got four that match up on the table right. Red, blue, green, and orange. Red and blue are primary colours, so how did you get green and orange? You mix two together, you get the seventh chakra colour, purple, and indigo isn't hard to get to. But..."

"Geez, they just left secrets all over the place. I mean in chakras, the tree of life, the books, everything. How could you not figure out what they were trying to say?"

"It's easy, you just ignore. We've been practicing ignoring things all our lives. Why wouldn't we ignore this?"

Azrael sensed the confusion of several beings, one being his daughter, who was meddling with the Sphinx, the other being Tempest. He sent a message to Adam telling him that Tempest needed help, and he himself went to his daughter.

Ahnaleaha looked around the room trying to figure out all the thoughts. She couldn't sort them out. You shouldn't be here," came a whisper. She turned around to find herself staring back at her dad. "Azrael I didn't mean to," she said with tears in her eye. He looked at her thoughtfully. "I didn't know we were on first name terms," he said to her. "I think there was a mistake. I think the death of Isui will be a problem." Azrael laughed uneasily and moved towards the chair. He sat down and tried to think properly. "You do not need to worry." "Dad, I don't think you understand, it's not just her. It's me, it's Uliaha, it's Asura." Azrael looked at her. "You are too young to understand. There's nothing wrong with you three." "That's right, it's just him and Isui." "And what problems could Isui and Asura bring about? Isui is dead and it as not destroyed us." "Not together dad, apart they bring much problems."

"Talen have you been messing with time again?" Mariel questioned Adam. "No, though I can't say the thought hasn't crossed my mind." Mariel sat on her bed and Adam stood up against the vanity set across from her. "We're a few years set back. Someone has messed with time," she said to him. He looked around, on this plane she was right. Time was set back, but it wasn't of his doing. "Who are the

time keepers that live here,” she asked. “None, there is only one time keeper, and that is I. I haven’t done anything. The only others that can alter time is Jibril or Lilith, not sure which.” Mariel looked around. She knew that neither would set back time. Especially since in their reincarnation, they were so young. That’s when she realized something. “Shauna and Chris are still alive,” she whispered. “They can’t be, those bodies are long dead, plus I have sense their souls elsewhere.” “Asura.”

## The Pharaoh CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Tempest and Troubles looked through the books that contained the prophecies of the Pharaoh. They leafed through the old pages trying to find something about time, or something about Asura. Maybe even the sahjinās, for they could be behind this as well. The two worked quickly going through as many as possible. Adam had provided Tempest with the many books that lined her walls, and in them must be the answer. If the Pharaoh had not prophesied it, then perhaps they would find it elsewhere. “I don’t get what we’re looking for exactly,” Troubles complained. “Asura has been tampering with time. I’m not even sure he can do that. He reset time so that the memory of Shauna and Chris would be there. But why or how could he do that, and why would he choose that life cycle. That’s what we’re trying to figure out.” Flipping through the pages, Troubles found a page with a trinity symbol in gold. “The trinity? That only accounts for three, not the usual four.” You see, when it comes to the angels, most symbols are that of the cross, symbolizing the four children. It is unusual to see a writing, about the angels with anything less. Sometimes more, but not less. Tempest looked up at her. Together they began to read the shiny letters that followed on the page.

“My dear children, for you are all my children. You may have wondered why I have chosen to keep myself unknown to you all. You may have wondered why we have chosen to keep ourselves unknown to you all. Yes, there is more than one. No, we are not gods or a “God” as you chose to label us. Though, it is not far from what we do. It is not in our way for us to be worshipped or loved. It was not in our way to be known. The fact is that you are all mistakes, but the finalized version of many mistakes. You are creations. Often we (those that I speak of and yourselves) like to think that we should relish in the creation of something. That is not true. In fact, often when one creates something, they do not want association with it. The reason being that this creation is often created in order to be better than the creator. Your purpose is invalid. All of you, from the angels to the humans. The idea behind all of the creations was that we could choose the perfect being. No, we aren’t perfect beings. That is why we set out to create the perfect being. But who is to say what is perfect anyway? Perfection is a lost idea. We aren’t perfect; we are flawed. Just as you are. Just as you are flawed, still you each set out to make yourselves better, to strive towards perfection. You have each fabricated an idea of what perfection is and you think that by creating new means, you’ll get to it. You are not perfect, not because I am not perfect, but merely because you were just the tests. The only perfected way of being is that of the “grimores.” Yes. The ghosts that haunt you. They are perfect in the sense that there are no boundaries that separate them. Emotions do not cloud them. They have no sense of right and wrong. They are us without the boundaries. In that sense, we have created almost a full circle. Coming back to the way that we are. In that sense then, aren’t we perfect the way we are? If a grimore is almost perfect, then we would be perfect. Shouldn’t you, my creations, take that into consideration? That you are perfect as are.

The other to this “we” is Ailuros. Eventually she will ask for your deaths. There was a time that I agreed with her. Dissonance between us created the fifth – Isui.”

“We have had many a quarrel in our time together. This one however is the line that separates us. Life and death. I saw that I would side with the four – Lilith, Azrael, Jibril, and Adam. For their creation was the pinnacle for balance. However, I have learned that balance is nothing without something to tip the scales every once in a while. That is Isui’s purpose. To make sure that it is clear what is good and bad, what is black and white, was it either this or that. The world can survive – it has survived without this. However, it has survived within Ailuros and I. When we are gone, and the five come into our place, the worlds will still suffer.”

Tempest looked at Troubles. “I don’t get it. If the worlds were fine with just Ailuros and Pharaoh, why wouldn’t it be okay when the five come into place?” Troubles remarked. “Yeah, but there isn’t five, there’s still just four,” Tempest commented. They looked over the page moving their hands across the page. “I don’t get the purpose,” Troubles said. “Maybe it’s continued in another book. Somewhere else,” Tempest suggested. Troubles closed the book and ran her hand over it. “This was the last book that Pharaoh sent,” she said. Tempest looked at the book, the twenty-sixth book, the last. “Mikhail, he transcribed them, maybe he knows more,” said Tempest hopefully.

The Sphinx looked away from the mirror. She had vanished before Ahnaleaha could figure things out. Now she had to go to Tempest and Troubles. Through the mirror she walked through the halls down to Tempest’s quarters. Walking through the door in her black cape, she looked at the two hovering over the books. Tempest and Troubles looked up at the unexpected visitor. “What do you know?” Tempest asked the Sphinx suspiciously. Sphinx walked over to them and looked at the last book. The very last thing Pharaoh needed them to know wasn’t in the text, but on the cover itself. She knelt down and played with the book in her hand. “Answers are everywhere,” she said rather mysteriously. She looked at the odd symbols all over the book; they were in a long dead language. A language that only a few knew. One of which being her father. She spoke the language that the symbols relate. Then looked at Tempest and Troubles. “That wasn’t English, thank you,” Troubles said. “Or English please?” Tempest added. She smiled at them. “What do you want from life?” the Sphinx asked them. “Now is not the time,” Tempest said uncomfortably. “Now is never the time. But you make it what it is. So, what do you want from life? Is it love, freedom, existing, what?” Tempest and Troubles still shifted uncomfortably. “Fine, don’t tell me. Close your eyes and think about it,” the Sphinx urged. They both closed their eyes and heard the Sphinx translate what was on the book.

“There is only room for three.

The old ones souls are marked. The ones that will follow them are also marked. I have made sure that the key to figuring this all out as been left behind.

Perfection isn’t far. It lies within ourselves.”

“So then who are the three?”

How do you reassure your existence? How do you make it worth it? Do you know everything that is going on? There are over six billion people on this earth. You don’t know which are biotis, angels, or sahjinias, and you haven’t been keep track of animals and grimoires. Who are you amongst so many others? What do you matter? What do you want to do with your life? Do you want to escape? Or does

reincarnation frighten you? Your death is your own, it is the only thing you own, aside from your birth.

## Conjunction CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

We, I am afraid, are much slower to figuring these things out. Naturally, Lilith and Jibril figured out what needed to be done before we could. Before we thought that they had no idea what was going on, but I think we have learned that they knew all along. The most important thing to them was to secure the life of all beings alike. Then it was to secure the life of Adam and Azrael. Though, we didn't know this. Maybe this has been a carefully played game on behalf of Ailuros, Pharaoh, Lilith, Jibril, and Isui. Maybe all this time, their bickering, their fights, their deaths were all just part of the scheme of deception. Maybe they didn't know, but all the pieces fell into place.

Adam sat back in his chair and reflected on his life. The entire life span, not just the human cycles. Tempest, Sphinx, and Troubles figured out the last of what Pharaoh said.

Do you know what you have been led to believe? Do you know what is true and what is false?

Fiona sat at the table with all her friends. She looked at all the faces and smiled at everyone. It was the first time in a long time that she had really gone out with all of them. Sitting next to her was Abal, her boyfriend for the last few years. Looking up at the ceiling, she wondered about life. She was very much unhappy with it, not so much the details of it, just it's direction. Abal looked at her, and reached out for her hand. "Wondering about things like that won't bring you happiness," he said to her. "In any case, you're sort of prone to misery." She looked at him and smiled. He was right, she had a tendency of getting lost in the vast world and often sought to escape it.

Tempest looked at the other two. In each of their minds they were going through the numerous amounts of combinations it could be. It was like opening a combination lock, trying to find the right three. "Wait, wait, of all the beings that there are, which of them can even be considered as part of the next three?" Tempest asked. Troubles looked at them, "Alright, Pharaoh and Ailuros were the first two. Then there was Jibril, Lilith, Adam and Azrael as the next four." "No, no, we forgot Persia," Tempest said. "You mean Isui, that's Persia's real name," commented the Sphinx. "Alright so the five worked together and created harmony, but then who goes away," said Tempest. "Or, who moves up," Sphinx added. "Okay, we're looking at Adam, Azrael, Jibril, and Lilith," Tempest declared. "And now Asura," Troubles murmured. "Who else?" "The sahjinahs!" said Tempest. "Fine, so that's Ahnaleaha and Uliaha also," counted Troubles. "We must not forget Ra, he was a direct relation to Pharaoh," added the Sphinx. "Okay, so Adam, Azrael, Lilith, Jibril, Asura, Uliaha, Ahnaleaha, and Ra. Shouldn't Sephiroth be part of this?" Tempest said looking around. "No, not Sephiroth, yes he is special, but that would be the same as saying Mikhail, and the rest of all the other angels," answered Sphinx. "So that includes all direct relations to the first two, and combinations of the second generation," Tempest said. "But what of Persia, or Isui, whatever her name is?" Troubles murmured. "Mathai and Thanus could be part of it," the Sphinx said as her eyes widen.

Vincent walked into the restaurant, smiling to himself. Behind him were a group of men, dressed for combat, just as he was. He led command, with his mask on. This team sought to find Asura and contain him. The humans had figured out that Asura coming into his powers would imitate a new rebirth and their destruction. Except this time, Lilith and Jibril wouldn't be around to restore it. This is what they

thought. In any case, Vincent knew of the humans' plans and knew that he had to protect Lilith, Jibril, and Asura. Though humans would have no way of knowing that he was Cassiel. He sensed Lilith and Jibril in the restaurant long before. They got in and began the search for any traces of the three.

Fiona and Abal heard Vincent's warnings, so when the men passed them over, they just smiled to one another. Abal could almost see Vincent's huge grin beneath the mask. Meanwhile Adam and Azrael heard this and they realized that the moment was near. Still Fiona and Abal sat quietly with their friends, as the men combed through the restaurant looking for something.

It is irrelevant to tell you who figured out which three were that that would move on. This could be explained by chakras, but alas that is a bit complicated. Perhaps a simple colour chart will give you the answer. The answer was always obvious to those who knew what it was. This is one of the reasons that Adam wrote what he did. This is why we couldn't possibly know the truth until it has come to pass. The fact is we are never ready to handle certain things, if we did, then we would know them. Sometimes the answer is written in the simplest forms. Or, in their hair or their eyes.

"It's in art," said Ahnaleaha. "What?" Tempest and Troubles said looking up at Ahnaleaha. "The answer is in art, the colour wheel," she said simply. "Where's the Sphinx?" questioned Troubles. "Irrelevant. Look in the books, the answer is in the colours," Ahnaleaha answered simply. Tempest and Troubles looked at the books and still couldn't figure out what she was hinting at.

As Fiona and Abal sat together, the idea struck them. It was time to bring an end to all of this. Just then, a young child appeared in front of them. He appeared with a light brown complexion, dark brown eyes and black hair. He had a toothy grin as he stared back at Abal and Fiona. Abal grabbed Fiona's hand. Tears began to swell in both of their eyes as their guest became startled. Abal quickly motioned for them to be quiet before the men saw. Cassiel felt Asura's presence, and hoped no one noticed or turned back. Fiona looked into the child's eyes. "Dear Asura," she whispered. Abal watched the two and finally understood what this meant. He kissed Fiona and told her it was finally time. His dark brown eyes turned blue and his black hair to shades of blue and white. "What's he doing?" asked Asura fearfully. Fiona, whose eyes turned red said to Asura, "Every thing I am, every thing that I want to be, every thing that constitutes the being that is me has led up to this. You know what to do." Lilith and Jibril stood side by side. The men turned around to see the two angels standing in the distance, and in fear began shooting. "But you can't die," Asura screamed. "It is my will to die that keeps me alive, and her will to live that keeps her alive. It is what maintains these bodies, and now these souls are yours," said Jibril. Their bodies with souls floated a bit off the ground.

Adam and Azrael arrived too late to stop any of this. They got there just as Jibril and Lilith were shot. Still they were alive. It takes a lot to kill an angel. Adam walked up to the floating Lilith and Jibril. "You knew all along, didn't you?" Adam asked them. "Of course, did you think this would be easy?" replied a hazy voice. Jibril and Lilith began to dissipate. Into Asura flew each component that made them what they were. Asura stared at his hands as the red and blues began mixing within him. He watched Adam and Azrael as this happened. "Explain this to me," he asked still staring at his hands.

The colour wheel.

Sharlene walked down the street to Vauhini's house. The air was cold but much colder than it should be, for she had left her jacket at home. She walked up the stairs to the white door and rang the doorbell.

Waiting there for a while, she began to tap her shoes. She rang the bell again and then sat on the chair next to the door. About ten minutes later, an out breath Vauhini answered the door. “Hey, sorry,” she gasped. Sharlene looked at her and pushed her hair out of her face. “Thanks Vani. It’s kind of cold out here,” Sharlene said. “No one told you to forget your jacket.” “I always forget it.” Vauhini turned around and walked up the stairs to her room with Sharlene following. They got into the room where Mariel was on the floor trying to figure out something on a piece of paper. “Hey Sharlene, I have something of a riddle here,” Mariel said without looking up. Sharlene cast her belongings aside and knelt down beside Mariel. They looked over the sheet of paper. It had a Star of David on it. “What is this?” Sharlene asked Mariel. “A colour chart. Supposedly it’s going to help us figure out the riddle.” “Right,” she said grabbing the sheet. Vauhini knelt down beside them. “Where did Leah go?” Vauhini asked Mariel. “Leah? Why would she be here? Doesn’t she live out in Maryland?” Sharlene questioned. “On the phone,” Mariel answered quickly. “Alright so what’s the riddle?” said Sharlene. Mariel looked at Vauhini and then said to her, “It’s not so much a riddle. Here’s the deal, you have ten people right, but you can only pick three based on their abilities, who do you choose?” “Weird, okay who are these people?” Sharlene asked. “Alright, you have Lilith who represents fire, red, and yang. Then Jibril, who is water, blue, and yin. Adam, who is earth, orange, and time. Azrael for air, green, and destiny. Asura who is purple, but you don’t know anything else about him. Then the rest you don’t know anything about – Ra, Ahnaleaha, Uliaha, Mathai, and Thanus.” Mariel explained. “Oh but wait, Mathai and Thanus are the yellows, I think.” Vauhini added. “You guys are weird. I don’t understand how any of this fits. How do you pick someone just like that?” Sharlene said. “Well, we aren’t picking. They are already selected, we just are curious to find out which three.” Vauhini told her. They sat there on the floor looking over the information that they had. Then the phone rang. Vauhini went to get the phone. “Lilith and Jibril have joined. They are Asura now,” said the voice on the other end. Vauhini hung up the phone and looked to the other two. “Down to eight, Jibril and Lilith don’t exists on their own,” she said.

The Sphinx moved quietly toward Geisha. Though people often protected the Geisha, she didn’t like it. She often slipped away and found a quiet corner. Madison, one of the caretakers to the Geisha always knew where she was though. Sphinx moved passed Madison and shook her head; Madison returned the gesture. Walking into the room where the Geisha was, resting on a chair with the books Eric provided, she was reading. The Sphinx tapped her on her left shoulder. Geisha, a bit startled turned around. “Leah-san! How are you?” Geisha said to her. “I didn’t know we were on first name basis, Alisanne,” Sphinx said moving towards the seat across from her. Geisha smiled, “Names are just names. Personalities are just personalities.” “You mean like how I trick my father?” Sphinx said. “Don’t think you can go on forever concealing your double from him,” Geisha commented. “Tempest, Troubles, and now Sharlene are trying to figure out who are the three,” said the Sphinx, casting her eyes to the walls. “They know the answer, especially Tempest. They just aren’t sure. Just as you know, which is why you are at such ease,” answered Alisanne. “Yes, well I wouldn’t want to take their place,” said the Sphinx. “Not yet anyway. When the fourth set come into their own, then you’ll have to take your place,” Alisanne said quietly. “I don’t want to,” whispered Sphinx. “Well, Ahnaleaha, it’s your duty. You do as you have to. That was the purpose of your creation. To be in the fourth cycle of powers. Oh, and eventually, your father will break the psyches of both you and your other personalities.” “My personalities?” “Yes, or the other beings that inhabit you. Shapeshifter.”

## Bringing All Things to an End

### CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Adam walked up to Asura smiling. Asura stared back shocked. “The only child that isn’t a child, there is a reason why you were special, you were more important than the other children that Jibril and Lilith created. It is because they had no intention of creating you,” Adam begun slowly. Adam tugged at his coat’s sleeve and adjusted his hat. Asura looked to Azrael. Azrael moved towards Asura and said very simply, “You are the logical evolution.”

Isui’s (or Persia’s) death did have an effect. But let us not get ahead of ourselves. In the first book, we explained a short life cycle. You have all the answers; you just may not know how to piece them together. That’s the way things are, everything is present, you just aren’t sure how they work.

My name is Kayleigh, the seventh in the lineage of Ra. My father is Daniel, the soul distributor. Soon that will be my task, when dad is done that is. Our job is to be the caretakers, we watch over all that is and keep track of it. There is another set that does the same thing, the line of Mahesa. We work with them. The difference is that Ra was created for that purpose, by Pharaoh, we, I am an angel. The line of Mahesa serves as the human history keepers. They choose to do it, but they don’t have to. I have been working with Geisha (Alisanne, if that makes this easier), in order to keep track of the third set of powers.

Pharaoh and Ailuros represent the first set of powers, sort of like gods if you will. After them came the second set of powers. At first it was believed that the second set was that of Lilith, Azrael, Jibril, and Adam. As it turns out, the answer is the colour wheel. The second set of powers was actually Lilith, Jibril, and Isui – or if you’re an artist – red, blue, and yellow, the primary set of colours. The third set is Azrael, Adam and then someone else. If this follows the pattern, then you’re looking at your secondary colours, green, orange, and purple...Asura. Pharaoh and Ailuros created the second set of powers and some of the third set. It would only be right if those in the second set completed the third. It is the logical evolution of things. Maybe, they knew that it was going to be like this all along. Maybe not. If they did, it sure would explain a lot.

When Lilith and Jibril became one unified being, it turns out, they weren’t so complete. After all, Asura was created. But that’s the flaw. Asura was what they were to become, and so they did, eventually. That is why only he could split them.

On that very day, the last of the second powers fell, and a new beginning occurred. Adam, Azrael, and Asura are now the three that remain, watching over all that is.

“A long time ago, I when I was but a child, I was witness to the collapse. I stood there and watched the four of them, magnificent as they were, standing by. The deep dark eyes of Adam oversaw everything as Sephiroth and Mikhail watched from a distance. I saw the penetrating eyes of Lilith, Jibril and Azrael work furiously to correct something.”

“Can you repeat that again?”

“A long time ago, I when I was but a child, I was witness to the collapse. I stood there and watched the four of them, magnificent as they were, standing by. The deep dark eyes of Shaun oversaw everything as Arjun and Farrouz watched from a distance. I saw the penetrating eyes of Shauna, Chris and Seen

work furiously to correct something.”

“What do you mean by a collapse? What did they need to correct?”

“Me. I was going mad. They were trying to reverse what had happened.”

“Who do you think you are?”

“Alisanne.”

“No. Your name is not Alisanne.”

“Yes it is.”

“Do you know where you are?”

“That’s the thing about knowing the truth of things. They offer you enlightenment. And with enlightenment comes death. And if you don’t get death, then you get to go to the asylum.”

“Do you think you are enlightened?”

“I must, after all, you don’t believe a word I’ve said.”

“Do you think I should?”

“You don’t believe me because it usurps your idea of what are the norms. But what should happen if I am right? What should happen if you find that your God doesn’t exist? What should happen if everything you came to know was all false?”

“You aren’t here because of your beliefs, you are here because you attempted suicide. You are a harm to yourself, and possibly others.”

“Doesn’t matter. Talen watches over me.”

Addendum: Please review attached excerpt from a letter from Dr. Eric Craven Raganavok to Shaun Tannen (#1468739), selected from his notations.

Dear Shaun,

I have reviewed the case concerning the patient in question and yourself. What you have inherited was but a simple blood disease, Thalassemia seems to be the recurrent on your charts. Naturally, I’ll run a few checks with Handel and later send a confirmation. Though that shouldn’t be a problem. Concerning the other patients, each of which seem to have an extraordinary mental disorder. What I found to be of most interest was that most of them were schizoaffective.

This is far from over.

Asura lifted the short excerpt out of the book that he held. He turned it over and showed it to Adam. "This is far from over," he read from the last line to him. Adam shook his head and murmured, "If only things got easier with time." Asura chuckled softly and put the letter back into the book and smoothed it down. "I feel as if we should return this to Eric." "I can understand that feeling, but you tell me, what is a child to do with the notes of a former life?" Adam answered simply. "I get it. Though I wonder why we never perfected humans. It's such a sad existence really." "I know, but I am sure that that is a question that the others to come is working on." "Going back?" Asura questioned. "Yeah, I mean watching over everything is fun, but watching them go through cycles and experiencing it is even better." Adam replied. "Azrael went back already?" "Of course, that would be the plane that his wife and his daughter adores. Plus, he has fun throwing chaos here and there." Asura laughed lightly then walked over to the mirror. Staring into his reflection, he ran his fingers through his red and blue hair. He was of a pale complexion, with purple eyes and medium length strands of hair. He wore black slacks and a simple white shirt. Adam looked over at him and questioned, "Are you okay?" "I will be," came the reply. "Mirrors are quite interesting thing, don't you think." Adam laughed, "Yeah, that was kind of the purpose. Off to another plane I guess?" "Yeah, I need time away, time to think." Adam looked at him seriously and moved slightly towards him. He had on a black pair of pants and a black shirt on. As he moved you could hear the crinkling in his clothes. "Don't think too much now, you wouldn't want to reach enlightenment."

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SHAUNA SOLAMAN